

The Quill

OF • SIGMA • DELTA • CHI

Why I Stayed in Newspaper Work

*Jim Dwyer, Veteran Detroit Reporter, Refused Opportunities to
Get Out of Newspaper Work—and He's Glad of It*



A Few Questions Anent Privacy

*We'd Like to Know: What Rights Has a Prominent Person to
His Own Private Affairs?*

Volume XVI

OCTOBER, 1928

Number 5

Price Twenty-five Cents

Here's How It's Done

In Case You Hope to Be a Political Correspondent

Written By WILLIAM HARD

For Associated Newspapers

Approved technique of interviewing presidents and presidential candidates.

Hop off back of presidential candidate and see him hop off two cars away. Dash to automobile of correspondents while he dashes to official automobile. Drive 30 miles right behind him watching the back of his neck.

Arrive at president's estate. Official automobile enters grounds. Photographers and correspondents alight and stand outside wire gate. Fine view of American flag floating over political conference now going forward between president and presidential candidate.

Wire gate opens. Photographers carrying cameras and correspondents dash in. Photographers grasp president and keep it.

Arrival on a lawn. Trees, small brook, bridge across brook, house beyond bridge.

Squad of 12 photographers sets up cameras and movie cameras on lawn. President and presidential candidate walk wire and wire of president walk very slowly—like carriage procession—across bridge. They assemble before cameras in line on lawn.

President rather pallid but firm and fit looking and very neatly dressed. Presidential candidate by comparison quite roughly dressed and very husky but looking not so fit and in fact rather tired. Suffering from strain of last four months. Saved from bad health by enormous constitution hardened by heavy physical labor during youth and early mining engineering days.

Camera men begin noisy barrage of turning wheels and snapping in slides.

Camera man to president: "Pretend you're talking to Mr. Hoover."

President to camera man: "Trouble is Mr. Hoover won't keep up his end of the conversation."

Mr. Hoover moves his mouth as if gasping for air. No sound, only slight convulsive spasms.

Two camera men to each other: "Used to have to take one fish. Now we have to take two fishes together."

Camera men advance upon victims and click machines under their noses. Retired and click machines at them from new distances and at new angles. Tell Mrs. Coolidge to explain local household problems to Mrs. Hoover.

Correspondents nourish weighty political questions in rear. Camera men cease firing from desperation of exhaustion.

Rating of Performers: First prize, Mrs. Coolidge. Honorable mention, Mrs. Hoover. Semi-pro standing, Mr. Coolidge. Strictly amateur, Mr. Hoover.

President to correspondents: "I'll see you tomorrow but if you want to interview Mr. Hoover, better do it now. This is your chance."

Deep thinkers of the press think deeply.

Bold correspondent: "Could we see you once a day on the train on the way out to San Francisco?"

Mr. Hoover, smiling: "I'll think that over."

President joins Mr. Hoover in smiling. President, smiling, flushes with exertion and looks 30 years younger. Mr. Hoover, really plumped and yielding to it, looks like grinning little boy eight years old.

President and presidential candidate are back now on other side of bridge.

President, however, coats his back over bridge with impressive colored man bearing hat.

President waves hand to each of photographers and correspondents. He points sharply to his right.

The president cries: "Get in!"

Photographers and correspondents fall in and file by box. Each takes a cigar.

Correspondents and photographers are all back at wire gate. Thirty-six miles one-way trip without inspiration of presence of presidential candidate. No view of the back of his neck.

Hot, bath, coffee. Typewriter, copy-paper, shirt sleeves. Sleeves rolled up. Hat around head. Analysis of national political situation.

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Why I Stayed in Newspaper Work

By JAMES DEVLIN

FIFTEEN years as a reporter on a metropolitan daily finds me still satisfied with journalism, still retaining that cub enthusiasm for the elusive story, and still hopeful of the future. I can not find myself in accord with those critics that regard journalism in the light of an underpaid, unappreciative, and ambition-destroying profession.

When I became a reporter, college men were frowned upon by the older members of the profession in the city I chose to pursue my career as a journalist. In fact the very word, journalist, brought a derisive smile or a sarcastic comment from the veteran newspaper men. You were reporter, copy-reader, rewrite man or editor. One veteran columnist, who still writes a column in the local morning newspaper, waxed indignant when I wrote his profession as "humorist" on a water front pass I had obtained for him from the United States Marshal during the World War. He said he was not a "humorist" but a writer. So we had to have the card changed accordingly.

This type still prevails in journalism. And, unfortunately, so does a newer type, college bred, I am ashamed to admit, who choose high-sounding titles for their activities. I have frequently noted that these fellows with a false conception of their own importance in the world of journalism are the first, usually, to become the chronic kickers.

One I have in mind had a galley of by-lines set when he was assigned as church reporter on his paper for a brief period. His by-lines styled him "Editor of the Religious News," and he insisted that they be used. It was not uncommon to see

four or five of his by-lines on the church page, and this practice persisted until the city editor objected. Thereafter the young "editor" had to be satisfied with one. He is now clerking in a hotel in New Jersey. He wrote me recently that he never "got a break in newspaper work." You can judge for yourself whether he will get a "break" in any line he chooses to follow with the attitude he took in his newspaper career.

A newspaper man commands just the amount of respect he demands. It has been my good fortune to have the intimate friendship of many state, city, and government officials. Right now I am trying to get out of being the regular golf partner of a United States commissioner, a federal judge, and a congressman. I really believe their friendship is sincere, for none of them has ever asked me for a favor, though all three have shown me marked preference in the presence of other members of the profession. Naturally I take a pride in the friendships I make as a journalist just as any other business man takes a pride in his friendships.

A reporter who commands the respect of the public he serves can easily command the respect of those set in authority over him at the office. Once he masters the method of acquiring respect from others it becomes a habit. The newspaper man learns to use his personality to advantage the same as any crack salesman or office executive. Personality goes a long way in any business when it is used to one's advantage.

The hours are as long in newspaper work as you care to make them. I know one reporter who

In the June issue, Stacy V. Jones, formerly a newspaper man and now with a large New York investment house, told why he left newspaper work. His main reasons were poor pay, inconvenient hours, and duties that required personal insincerity. Herewith is presented the other side of the argument—not a reply, but an independent discussion of the things that make newspaper work worth while to the writer.

works from about 9:00 a. m. to midnight five days of the week. He does it for the pleasure he derives from it. He tells me he gets more fun out of running down stories and writing them than he does from anything else. Another fellow goes to work about 10:00 a. m., quits at noon for lunch, gets back to the job about 2:30 p. m. and goes home at 4:00 p. m. Yet he accomplishes more than the fellow who works the long hours, I should judge, comparing the results that show in the printed page.

As to pay, that depends on the individual. I know one fellow who came to an afternoon newspaper for a salary of \$70 a week. After a month his salary was cut to \$40. Instead of getting discouraged, he went straight to the managing editor to find out why. He asked for a harder job. He made good, and now his work is easy for him and he is getting \$80 a week. Recently he turned down another job that would have paid him \$150 a week.

I believe newspaper salaries are as high as salaries paid employees in any profession. Show me the bank teller, the clerk in the brokerage office, or the average employee in any other business who is making a weekly salary in excess of \$40 the year around. If he does, he is indeed an exception.

I was asked once why I did not try publicity work. I replied that it did not pay me as well as my present salary. Here is the reason I have been off publicity. Once a large firm offered me the position of editing their house organ. I turned the offer down, but feeling sorry for a copy-reader who had a family to support, I prevailed on the firm to take him at a salary increase of \$10 over what his paper was paying him. One day I dropped in to see how he was getting on. He had been there 18 months and was rated a real success. It was 3:30 p. m., and he had his edition on the press for the week. I asked him to let me take him home in the motor car. He replied that he could not leave until 5:00 p. m. He explained that he had to sit idly waiting until 5:00 o'clock to punch the time clock; otherwise he would not get a full day's credit on his salary.

That disgusted me. Imagine a man of a literary turn of mind working by a time clock. You would be surprised to know that the manufacturer makes the same time clock rule for his publicity men as for his mechanics. And that newspaper man is now on the police beat, happy in his liberty of action, and drawing down around \$75 a week—\$30 more than his successor at the factory gets for editing the house organ. And the police beat is a seven hour task with no time clock to punch.

One Christmas Eve I chanced to meet an old college friend on the avenue. It was snowing slightly and he walked on with downcast eyes. I stopped him.

"Well, it will be a great Christmas for me," he said. "I have just been notified that I'm through at the advertising agency. The boss fired 10 of us copy writers. Said the firm failed to get a new contract they had hoped to land and this failure necessitated retrenchment before January 1."

"How long were you with the firm?" I asked him.

"Five years," he said. "I was the oldest in point of service."

I learned the poor fellow had, like most of his kind, lived up to his \$55 a week salary. He supported a wife and baby and spent the rest on clothes; and joined luncheon clubs to keep up an appearance. Aping men of means, he could not get a bank account started. So he was on his way home that Christmas Eve in the snow to break the news to his wife. He was to tell her he had no money to pay the rent, nor money for the Christmas dinner they had planned with friends at a downtown hotel. And the baby was not to have a visit from Santa Claus. I got busy and had him financed to carry out his plans for Christmas. After the New Year I prevailed on a friend who was at the head of a motor car factory advertising department to take the copy writer on. That copy writer is now back in newspaper work, and I do not believe you could get him to leave it again. He recalls bitterly the treatment he received in the advertising business. This illustrates to my mind, that the newspaper business is not as cold-blooded as are many others in the treatment of employees.

THAT I may not be misunderstood, the reader should remember I am discussing newspaper work from the standpoint of the employee.

It has been charged frequently that newspaper "sacred cows" are the bane of journalism. But all papers must have policies. A paper without a policy is like an individual without a fixed purpose in life. The individual is a drifter and the newspaper that drifts is soon in bankruptcy. A friend of mine employed in a wholesale house has to take his firm's clients to lunch and give many of his evenings to their entertainment at shows and cabarets while his wife sits alone at home. He laments that it is for the customer's good will, which is just another way of saying he is carrying out the policy of the firm.

Show me any business that does not have its "sacred cows." If a reporter is assigned to write a policy story, he is asked to do nothing more than his

duty. I know a Republican manufacturer who is using his Democrat advertising man to write ads to help elect Hoover. That advertising man is heart and soul for Al Smith. The same condition exists in our office. The reporter who covered the recent primary election, and was assigned to tour the state with a Republican candidate for the nomination for governor told me that he hoped the Democratic nominee would win in November.

If a newspaper man wants to have his own way, he should desert the employee class and get out his own paper. Then he can eliminate the "bunk," as he sees it. But what may be "bunk" to him may be honest-to-goodness policy to another.

The morning newspaper is just as pleasant to work on nowadays as the afternoon paper. Gone are the days when the "twelve hour slaves" of the morning paper went to work at 1:00 p. m. and went home at daybreak. The wise morning paper editor has found that his reporters are more useful when employed during the hours of breaking news than at night when most news sources, save the police beat, are closed. So you will find morning newspaper men on the job at 9:00 a. m. and through at 6:00 p. m. Of course there is a night shift, but a good man can get himself a day job easily, I have observed.

Like all newspaper men I hope to quit the metropolitan daily some day. But when I quit, it will be to promote myself from the employee class to the employer class; because, I may say frankly, I do not think I can be happy away from my typewriter and the pursuit of news.

Newspaper work has paid me. I have managed to maintain a bank account. Thanks to good advice

from friends I made as a reporter, I acquired real estate holdings that have proved fairly profitable. Of course I have not achieved the position of a \$50,000 a year executive; and I have not found any of my friends who started out in other lines when I began my cub days in newspaper work that have become high salaried executives either.

Journalism offers the employee fair returns, and also experience that he can capitalize on when he becomes an employer. One friend of mine, a sailor on a Great Lakes vessel 10 years ago, is now the owner of a prosperous suburban weekly. I met him when I was the marine editor. (Pardon me, I mean the Marine Reporter.) He had a bug to write but lacked education, he confided to me. I helped him get a job on the day police beat for an afternoon paper. That gave him his start. He jumped from the employee class to the employer status in seven years, unaided by others.

Another friend of mine came out of the university and worked as police reporter, then as assistant state editor, and in the past 8 years has bought and sold four state newspapers, one a daily; and each deal netted him a handsome profit, he tells me. Now he is looking for another paper to buy, and while he is looking around he is covering the courts beat for an afternoon paper.

So it goes in journalism and I look to the future with that optimism that I had when I first started. For in journalism there is that indefinable magic that keeps one young in mind and body. I have yet to see the tired business man reflected in the reporter of the metropolitan daily. A police reporter for 30 years told me the other day that when he quit the morning paper he had served so long, he just had

JIM DEVLIN covers the Federal beat for the *Detroit News*. Almost any day after four o'clock you can find him in the *News* city room, hunched over a typewriter, picking away at a story with the forefinger of his right hand. Probably you'll wonder how anyone can write as fast as that with one lone finger, and if you do you'll ask questions. The answers are certain to be some of the legends they tell about him—a little exaggerated, as legends are, but largely true.

They say, for instance, that he can find a news story where there isn't any; that he can get a story when no one else can; that he runs Federal affairs in Michigan to suit himself (with the help of the judges and marshals and other less awesome officials); that he has a gift for gaining the confidence of everyone he meets; that he knows more people than anyone else in Detroit; that he does more for his community in his unassuming way than half a dozen publicity grabbing Americanization committees.

It has been said also that there are no facts about Jim—there are only traditions. But the facts are these. He went to the University of Michigan, where his two passions were the Cosmopolitan Club and Sigma Delta Chi. He has been on the *Detroit News* ever since, as police, county, and Federal reporter. He is the only newspaper man ever to be made a member of the Retired Police Officers Association; the only white man in Michigan to belong to the Wee Tong, a Chinese Nationalist organization dedicated to the advancement of China; the only person not an editor of a foreign daily or a correspondent of a foreign newspaper to belong to the Society of the Occident and the Orient—a society he fostered and now serves as prefect.

He's getting heavier than he was, after 15 years of newspaper work, but he is and always will be the same Jim. You notice only two things when you talk to him—his round, friendly face with its sincere, welcoming smile and his voice. A harsh word would be an impossibility for Jim. Unobtrusive, quiet, almost meek—when you talk to him you find it hard to believe that he beats the opposition papers almost at will. And when you leave him it's just as hard, for, no matter who you are, you remember Jim Devlin not as a reporter, but as a friend.

That is the man who tells you, in this article, why he stayed in newspaper work. It may be that his is an individual case, that another person would find his reasons insufficient. Possibly every man's case is individual—food for one is poison for another. No matter, Jim Devlin has something interesting to say—that's the main thing. Read it—and think!

(Continued on page 18)

Putting Life Into Community Reporting

By C. J. McINTOSH

Professor of Industrial Editing, Oregon State College

YOU'VE seen them—box-car community labels, and underneath, long columns of paragraphs. "John Jones spent the week-end with his sister-in-law." On page 2, page 3, and every other inside page of the country weekly, personals from every community within selling distance of the paper.

Community items are news. They're interesting to the people concerned. They help sell the paper. But they're deadening to appearance and too often lifelessly written.

Acting on the realization that community reporting could be tremendously improved—to the benefit both of the newspaper and the community, Oregon State College has organized and successfully conducted a course that has the hearty endorsement of the country press of the state.

The story, written in satisfying detail by Professor C. J. McIntosh, points a way for other state colleges materially to co-operate with their rural press.

The Editors.

A MAIL and radio course in community reporting was organized last spring by the Oregon State College extension service and two terms have now been completed under my direction. Nearly 100 students completed the first course and received certificates of completion and of effective rural reporting, some three-fourths as many the second. The certificates are signed by Paul V. Maris, director of the federal and state extension service, by myself as instructor and by the local editor.

The big purpose of the course is to sell the rural community to itself first, and later to the reading public. It aims to substitute for the lean, newsless personal mention item, too much used in the average weekly news letter, some item of real news interest or information value. It seeks to have the local reporter uncover and portray in good vigorous newspaper English the significant doings and conditions of the community represented. Its resources, assets and its social, religious and educational advantages are played up in every appropriate way.

Where successful, the plan produces in every news letter of every community in every week of the year at least one item interesting and significant enough to deserve—and to get—a real news head in place of the

formal, box-car, all-cap, false Gothic community label. Such labels heading weak news items as they usually do are a standing invitation to all residents of the community to read the news letter to see whether their own or their relatives' and friends' names appear. But these labels also stand as a warning to every other reader of the newspaper to pass it up. Thus the average Oregon newspaper with 10 weekly news letters loses nine-tenths of its effective reading circulation, whereas if the interesting and informative news letter is news and treated as news its reading circulation is multiplied by ten without a penny added to production cost.

Members of the course are instructed to make an alphabetical list of every resident of their community and check every name as used. Then after a month or two they are told to check up on the use of the names and are surprised to find that the names of their close friends and relatives have often been used four to eight times while those of equally prominent residents have not been used at all. They are then shown how to find items of real news quality for presenting the unused names. After such use they are asked to inquire whether these persons reported have read the item, whether they read the newspaper, want to subscribe, and will send their names to the editor. In this way new subscribers are brought in and what is far more important the newspaper is more widely read.

With these new names and new reader interest the publisher is justified in going to his advertisers and after pointing out the gain and new life of the publication ask for more and better advertisements, such as will check much of the roving mail order and city department store trade, and thus help preserve the life of the village as well as that of the rural communities. It seems to me that some such policy is essential if the rural and village life of our state are to be preserved.

The course is launched at a training school for reporters conducted by local editors and college representatives. The editors discuss the kind of rural news they like and how they like it written. Just before lunch the county agent tells how he will co-operate and I explain the course. All take lunch together, editor pro-rating the cost. We adjourn at 12:45 to a local motion picture house for a complimentary feature film and two reels of the newspaper in the

making. We then return to the hall for an hour of laboratory news reporting, which is criticized and improved by the editors and me. Adjournment is then taken to the reporters' employers' plants to inspect newspaper making.

THE first lesson of six thousand words instructs in knowing news and how and where to get it quick and straight. An alphabetical list of a hundred news subjects is given along with the most promising sources of each. Agricultural subjects with the home demonstrators, and club subjects with boys' and girls' club leader, are also worked out.

Lesson two tells how to give the information journalistic form, dealing with the six "W's" as explained in Kipling's rhyme, in diagram as placed by Russell Lord, and in a cut-out wheel by means of which the feature is literally "played up" in six different forms from which the best is to be selected.

Lesson three shows how to turn the story into printer's copy. It tells of copy paper and writing instruments, paragraph indentation, use of printer's marks to clear up doubtful points, and approved typographic style—abbreviations, capitals, points, numbers and titles.

Lessons four to eight analyze and explain the subjects arranged in lesson one, naming numerous details of value in adequately written news stories.

Lesson nine explains methods of cooperating with the editor in covering the news, increasing subscription lists, and getting farm want and display ads. It also tells how to distinguish publicity from news on the one hand and from advertising on the other.

Lesson eleven explains methods of cooperating with news sources—school teachers, preachers, club and or-

ganization leaders, heads of women's clubs and the socially prominent. The society section was written by an exceptionally able society reporter and the school section by a successful teacher who with her students in journalism reported community news for a half dozen communities in four widely separated newspapers. The section gives the entire procedure from gathering and bulleting the news to its final typing by students of typing who aim at perfection in form. The chapter is the most interesting in the entire list.

Lesson twelve gives a bird's eye view of the entire course in perspective. It also reviews some difficult but necessary principles.

The twelve radio lectures in connection are less instructional than inspirational. They give responses to questions and voice reporters' experiences as related in the correspondence work.

Every lesson is accompanied by a set of ten questions to be answered and returned together with the last week's clippings. Both of these are closely read and criticized, with all necessary explanations of grades and corrections plainly typed by assistants. The grades are recorded in the office and then the corrected answers and clippings are returned to the student with the next lesson, the courses so proceeding to the end.

Comments on the lectures come from nearly every state in the union and many requests for the course, as described in the Associated Press reports, have been received from all the states.

Every Oregon newspaper editor has been interviewed but one who was absent, and all but two have gone in on the plan. About eight hundred more students will probably sign up for the course.

How Do They Do It?

A COPY of the *Daily Illini* came to rest on THE QUILL editor's desk a few days ago and managed to stay there long enough to be once over. And THE QUILL editor had a moment of profound amazement.

What surprised him was the excellence of the paper. He remembered that his own college daily was a fair enough sheet in the days when he was an undergraduate—at least he had thought so then—but he had more or less forgotten to think about college journalism for several years.

But the copy of the *Illini* had merit. The heads were clear, informative—and they fitted. The copy was terse, straightforward. Associated Press stories told of a sufficient wire service. Every one of the

well made-up pages was crowded with news—longish stories about important events, pithy features, brief announcements.

This is the kind of job college journalists are doing while they carry the hours required for graduation. They study far into the night, they go to classes, they manage to pass exams, they go to dances and football games, attend committee meetings and perform the hundred other duties of a closely knit and intense community—and somehow, day in and day out, they manage to put out a daily newspaper.

They know the code of the firehorse, these college journalists, but they know nothing about the long waits in the stall, munching oats. They wear their feed bags as they run.

Confessions of a Reporter

Anonymous

IT is funny to look back on the days when I was a reporter and to think how little I seemed to know about it. I guess it is just as well that I left the game, because I don't believe I would ever have made a city editor. Somehow I just didn't seem to look at things right.

I remember one day I was up in the reporters' room of the county building when I walked the man who had, recently, been city editor of my paper. We got to talking about the doctrine that a good reporter always brings his story in, and I ventured an opinion.

"The city desk never tells you that you've got to come back with the goods, no matter how you get it," I asserted, "but you know mighty well that you won't be asked about the method if you have the yarn."

But I was mistaken. The ex-city editor, an old-timer at the game, replied.

"Oh," he said, "I guess it isn't that bad."

So I was wrong there.

Once early in my career on this same paper I was sent over to cover a convention of chemists. It was an important national assembly, my city editor told me, and we needed a good story on it. So I found out all about the purposes of the meeting, and the program, and I interviewed a number of the principal speakers and notables in connection with it. I ferreted out of their reticence two men who had developed a new type of fertilizer that was to mean a good deal in economy to farmers, and got all the dope on it. I went back to the office and turned in a long yarn. Four minutes after I had dropped it on the city desk I got a call.

"This story is all right," said the desk man, in a tone that said plainly it was all wrong, "but it isn't just what I want. You've organized it properly, and you've covered the convention—but it hasn't reader interest. I guess I'll send somebody else over."

Well, I asked him to let me try again. Back I went, and after much search I dug up a man who was going to lecture on bread. He had a lot of research material on bread, mostly of interest to bacteriologists; among it was a statement that in each cubic centimeter of bread there are so many million bugs—germs, bacteria or what you will.

That sounded like reader interest to me, so I went back to the office and wrote a new story about the convention. This was the lead:

"How many bugs did you eat for breakfast?"

That got by the city desk big, and although the

man whom I interviewed called up the office to say that it emphasized a trivial point, gave a wrong impression and told little about the meeting, it just shows that the city editor has to know what's what.

LATE one Saturday afternoon the same man told me to take a photographer out and get a picture of a girl.

"Johnson and Swartz came back without any art," he explained, "and I haven't got a damn thing for the front of tomorrow's paper. This girl out here wants to bob her hair and her husband doesn't want her to. Get something, will you?"

We found her residence to be a squalid little house on a dirty street, and the girl wasn't much better. She simpered when I told her what I wanted, but said that she wouldn't dare to let me take a snap of her. Her husband, absent at the time, would surely beat her, she declared.

I called the city desk and explained the situation.

"Hell!" was the answer. "We've got to have art. Try again!"

So I returned and argued. The photographer came in with me, and he—an old hand—exclaimed the minute he entered the room that she would make a damn good looking photo. Well, maybe he was right, though I didn't think so. Anyway, his remark did the business. She said that we could take a snap if we would hurry and do it before her husband came home.

We did. Then, with the wet proof, I explained the situation to the city desk again.

"Tough on her, maybe," said the boss, "but what they like to look at on the front page Sunday is a woman's face. Boy, take this up and order a three-column cut!"

I never did hear anything more about it. But it was interesting and instructive to me—showed that the city editor had to think more about what his public wanted than practically anything else.

Another time I was sent out to a home in the exclusive apartment district of the city to investigate the circumstances surrounding a divorce suit. I was met at the apartment door by a kindly, sad-eyed little old lady, and when I explained my errand she told me that the woman involved in the suit was her daughter, that any publicity given the case would be painful—possibly damaging—to all of them and that she did

A Few Questions Anent Privacy

WITHOUT getting legal about it—because when you get legal you're likely to get uninteresting—it's intriguing to ask yourself the question:

"How much right does a prominent individual have to his own personal affairs?"

Granting that he's really prominent, must he let the public know, through the ever-present reporter, what he ate for breakfast, how late he stayed out the night before, what his intentions are when he goes out with a young lady, what his purpose is in going three thousand miles to keep a date with his wife when they're supposed to be estranged, and all the rest of it?

Must he submit—chiefly because there's no recourse whatever—to the conjecturings and interpretations placed upon his acts in the columns of the daily paper?

How in the dickens can he achieve the privacy he seeks? He can't prevent newspapers from learning of his comings and goings, his appointments, and his departures from routine. He can only refuse to tell *why* he comes and goes. And that doesn't stop the newspaper, because the newspaper is past master in the art of conjecture.

During the past year, a number of well-known folks have learned that fact very well. Gene Tunney for one. John Coolidge, son of Cal, for another. Horace Dodge and his former wife, for a third and fourth.

These folks have undoubtedly, at times, envied the gold fish, for the gold fish, while he cannot boast the privacy of a burrowing animal, achieves a sort of privacy through public indifference. They've felt badgered, exasperated, and at least one of them became so wroth that he smashed cameras and uncorked a few haymakers in the direction of the most pressing representatives of our constitutionally free press.

No, Gene wasn't the one who uncorked the haymakers, although we have a more than sneaking suspicion that he felt like doing so at times.

Gene, you'll remember, retired from the ring and became engaged to Miss Polly Lauder, daughter of a multimillionaire. Then he paid a visit to the Lauder summer place at St. John's Island, off the coast of Maine. At the same time, he announced, firmly, that he was now a private citizen, that he wished to get out

of the limelight, and that he wished to keep his affairs to himself.

That, however, didn't exactly satisfy newspapers. Their reply, generally speaking, was to send an army of reporters and camera men to South Bristol, Maine. These men—privates under orders from headquarters—found St. John's Island barred to them. Furthermore they couldn't hire boats because all boats had been bought off by the Lauders.

However, with customary resourcefulness, one reporter hired an airplane, flew low over the estate, and got pictures that he claimed were Polly and Gene strolling over the estate. Another, with an equally ample expense account, overbid the Lauder figure and induced a boatman to land him on the rear of St. John's Island. He waded ashore, outran three guards, and arrived dripping wet at the Lauder house. After innumerable rebuffs, he finally got Tunney outdoors, reproved Gene for being ungrateful to his public, and got a sort of story.

Occasionally, when Miss Lauder went ashore to get mail, the reporters chased her pell-mell through the streets.

When Tunney slipped away disguised, camera men caught him in New York, smoked glasses and turned-down hat notwithstanding.

Most of the stories that were printed about Tunney and Miss Lauder were in good taste, but some were not. One of them—a special to the *Detroit Free Press*, *Chicago Tribune*, and others—referred to Gene as "the ace of social climbers." That verges close to libel, though, and only indirectly affects the subject of privacy.

The same story called him "the blue-book boxer."

Another story—apparently a Hearst wire story—said: "After one battle to be through with the public and that the public must be through with him he has another—to get his name on the social register."

That seems like an unwarranted assumption.

The point, of course, is that Gene Tunney asked for privacy regarding his personal affairs and didn't get it. The question that occurs is: "Did he have a right to ask for privacy?"

Gene made his money through his own ability to box and through the publicity given him by newspapers. When he was fighting upward toward a world's championship, he didn't ask for privacy.



Public interest was an essential factor to big gates and big purses. Gene was benefited by the fact that millions of people were interested in him. Was it fair of him to ask these millions of people, all at once, to cease to be interested?



It is true that the more prominent a man becomes the less privacy he gets. That's part of the price he pays. And yet, suppose Gene had deferred to the newspapers. Suppose—with the consent of the Lauders he'd given reporters free access to St. John's Island, had granted interviews at all hours, and had posed with his fiancée plucking flowers in the garden, swimming on the beach, demonstrating to the admiring mother how he won the Dempsey fight, and being playfully counted out by Polly. Suppose he had let down the bars? Could he have safely assumed that in the wealth of material such a course would have afforded, his personal affairs would have been handled with good taste and in a manner not repugnant to the Lauders?

We can sympathize with Gene for not wanting to make a training camp out of St. John's Island. He asked for privacy and was answered with a phalanx of reporters who sought—naturally—not only news of engagement and impending marriage, but "art" and the "feature" angle.

It can hardly be challenged that the public had a right to learn—at the proper time—of the engagement of its heavyweight champ. And it has a right to read, in sufficient detail, of the wedding. But does it have a right to the scores of daily features, to full pages of art, to the innumerable twists and bright writeups of non-essential details that might have filled columns every day had Gene given the newspapers all they wanted?

The public was avid. Gene was reticent.

Did he have a right to the privacy he wanted? THE QUILL would welcome a discussion—not from a legal standpoint, but from the standpoint of editorial policy.

JOHN COOLIDGE'S case differs a great deal from Gene's. John didn't earn a fortune through publicity. Nor was he prominent through his own acts. John's is a reflected prominence. He's the son of his pa.

But no matter how, John is in the public eye through no choice of his own. And during the past year he's been the subject of stories. The stories

haven't been so bad, but we can easily put ourselves in his shoes and imagine his reactions to some of them.

"Aha! John!" they said—in effect. "You went out with a girl last night. *Why*, John? Tell the dear public *why* you went out with that girl? Are you in love? Are you sure you aren't holding something back on us? Are you sure you haven't any news to tell? Isn't there an engagement in the offing?"

And—

"You left Amherst last night and drove down to Plainville, Connecticut. What does your chaperon think of that?"

John, you see, paid occasional visits to the home of Governor Trumbull where he called on Miss Florence Trumbull. When he went West and wrote letters back to Miss Trumbull, one news story asked:

"What's it mean, John, these daily letters?"

And then, when Miss Trumbull kept an engagement with another young chap, a newspaper shouted:

"Somebody page John Coolidge! Another fellow took his girl to the annual D. A. R. ball!"

Later, when John danced several dances with a young Duluth lady, the papers reported that this lady had "usurped the place enjoyed almost exclusively by Miss Florence Trumbull."

Reporters went after Mrs. Trumbull to learn the meaning of John's visits. When it became known that John had Colonel Edward Starling as a personal bodyguard at Amherst, reporters asked Miss Trumbull what she thought about John's "chaperon."

The point, again, is that President Coolidge had asked for privacy for his son. John himself had objected to the discussion of his personal affairs in the newspapers. But the privacy they asked for they didn't get.

Again we ask—without getting legal—who was right?

It seems to us that a lot of the stories were in poor taste, that they were annoying to the parties concerned. Particularly unnecessary were the conjectures on John's intentions. And there was plenty of uncalled-for questioning of the parents of Miss Trumbull.

And then there's the case of Horace E. Dodge, Jr., and his former wife, Mrs. Lois Knowlson Dodge. Thanks to newspapers, those names are well known and their misfortunes are common knowledge.

Mr. Dodge was prominent partly by virtue of wealth. Partly because of family. Partly because



he'd entered into the sport of speed boat racing. But he'd never sought publicity. It wasn't necessary to his well-being. And in his personal affairs he asked for privacy—but didn't get it.

We're not talking about the divorce suit now—when a man's affairs become a matter of court record it seems that a newspaper has a right to them. But long before the Dodges went to court, papers began to get interested in them. And as time went on papers became more and more interested.

Finally newspapers informed the world that Mrs. Dodge went to Honolulu. Then came the news that Mr. Dodge went by rail, auto, plane and steamer to the same place. Mr. Dodge had the funny notion that his acts were his own private affair and that the public was not entitled to them. Whether he were going to Honolulu to attempt a reconciliation or to make a settlement, he probably figured that his ends could better be achieved if he could pursue them without help from the newspapers—without front-page banner heads, without gratuitous reviews of the history of his marital career, without inferences concerning his or her conduct, without the thousand quoted statements from "friends" and others that lent color and opinion to the news stories. Nor did he think that newspapers were entitled to layouts of pictures. So he asked for privacy. And how he asked for it!

He came back to San Francisco on the same boat with his wife—the Dollar steamer *Madison*—and the papers shouted "reconciliation!" At the dock, waiting for him, was a great welcome—chiefly reporters and their invaluable aids, camera men.

There really need have been no question in the minds of these welcomers that Mr. Dodge didn't seek their offices. He refused to see them. He didn't want to be photographed. When reporters followed him, he locked a couple of them in his stateroom. Mrs. Dodge, he informed them, was not well, and he asked that she be left alone.

These acts, taken together, might be considered an official request for privacy. But perhaps newspaper men are supposed to subordinate such requests to the main object—that of coming back with a story and a picture. At any rate, wherever Mr. Dodge dodged, he encountered reporters. Finally, he hit upon the ruse of disguising himself as a ship's engineer and escaping from the boat in that garb. The lynx-eyed reporters caught him at it, and that is when Mr. Dodge became so incensed that he launched himself at his tormentors with both fists and succeeded in blacking eyes and smashing a camera.

Whereat the newspaper men, their finer sensibilities outraged, sued Mr. Dodge for \$50,000.

But the suit of the indignant newspaper men is quite beside the point. The case of the indignant Mr. Dodge, of the harassed Mrs. Dodge who fainted under the reportorial barrage, of the annoyed and embarrassed John Coolidge, and of the democratic Lauders and their pugilistic son-in-law-to-be, are what interest us.



John Coolidge had the idea that his calls upon young ladies were not objects of public interest. Mr. Dodge thought that his marital affairs—not yet in court—were his own concern. Tunney didn't see why his engagement should furnish papers with art and constant feature stories.

THE QUILL yearns to know—

Has a prominent man any right to ask for privacy concerning his own personal affairs?

Should not the newspapers—as a matter of editorial policy—have laid off John Coolidge when it was manifest that he didn't want his calls the subject of constant feature stories?

Shouldn't the newspapers have laid off Horace Dodge during his efforts to pour oil on turbulent matrimonial seas?

Shouldn't they have been less eager and resourceful in their siege of St. John's Island?

We're asking these questions, frankly, so that we may get enlightening discussion from men more wise in journalism than we.

Postscript: Just as THE QUILL goes to press, cables are hot with stories of the Lauder-Tunney wedding in Rome. Gene didn't react joyfully to the forces of publicity, and got himself roundly booed and hissed right after the ceremony for refusing to let photographers take pictures.

One editorial writer takes Gene's side heartily. Under the heading "Camera Matters" he writes in the *Detroit Free Press* of October 8:

"The news photographers in Rome hissed and booed Gene Tunney on his wedding day because he refused to pose for them. This unusual exhibition of bad manners in a country deservedly famous for the courtliness of its people can only be explained on the ground that the photographers were under the impression that the object of their pursuit was still a prize fighter, and thus a public character. The fact is that when he took off his gloves for the last time and metaphorically tossed them into the ring for lesser fry to fight for, Gene Tunney became once more a private citizen, with all the rights touching on and appertaining to that status. The last wallop he delivered to Tom Heeney's battered face was the last thing the public paid him to deliver. After that they were quits.

(Continued on page 19)

Mr. Ingham Discusses the Editorial Page

Reported by STEPHEN McDONOUGH

THE editorial page has slipped. It has become stagnant. At least that's the conviction of Harvey Ingham, editor of the *Des Moines Register*, dean of middle-western newspaper men, and national honorary president of Sigma Delta Chi.

Mr. Ingham attributes the decline of the editorial page to the better handling of news.

"News has increased in value in the public eye," he says, "and the editorial page has not kept pace with it. The importance of news has risen up and blanketed editorials."

To regain something of their lost influence, Mr. Ingham believes that editorial writers must take a lesson from their contemporaries on the news end. He harks back to the elementary principles of news writing and applies them to the editorial.

"Make your editorial timely," he asserted as the first and cardinal principle of editorial writing. "If you're going to write about Hoover at West Branch, Iowa, write it while he is there, not a week before or sometime later in the campaign. Write it while the reader has his eyes on West Branch and is interested in Hoover's homecoming."

"Second, give all the facts relevant to the subject in the first paragraph. Tell all the pertinent facts simply and clearly in the first few sentences and then go ahead to develop the editorial from them as a foundation. Write your first paragraph as you would a summary news lead."

"I think that the news story and editorial are similar in appeal. To be interesting each must be timely and must grip the reader's attention the minute his eye falls on it."

"Moreover, don't take it for granted that your reader is informed. Don't conclude that he knows as much of the subject about which you are writing as you yourself do. President Glenn Frank, of the University of Wisconsin, once phrased this idea as well as I believe I've ever heard it phrased. He said, 'The public is always interested but never informed.' You will find that to be true. The man in the street will be interested in nine cases out of ten if he knows what you are talking about."

"Third, remember that what you *leave out* is oftentimes far more important than what you put into an editorial. The things you avoid saying may carry more weight than the points you introduce. By mentioning some point that may be weak or about which

you are misinformed you open yourself to attack and criticism and the purpose of the editorial will be ruined because people will say 'that fellow doesn't know what he is talking about.'

"William Allen White would have been far better off if he had said nothing about Al Smith before he sailed for Europe (Mr. White drew some leaping conclusions concerning Mr. Smith's wetness) because he helped him far more than he hurt him. And he helped him more than is evident because after people realize that what White said was wrong they will not believe the next fellow who attacks Smith. To say a thing may weaken an editorial tremendously while omitting it will add strength."

"Avoid shibboleths. Don't make unnecessary trouble for yourself by using words or phrases that will antagonize a certain percentage of your paper's readers."

"There are words, such as Jew, Catholic, and Protestant, which, if used in the wrong place, arouse the antagonism of the reader. Thereafter he is immediately on guard to see what you have to say about him."

"If you are addressing a crowd, and you mention in the course of your speech something about a Catholic, a Negro, or a Jew, you can see that crowd split two ways and from then on neither side is listening to what you have to say. They are all concerned with what your object was in introducing such an example into your discourse. It is exactly the same with editorial writing. The minute you bring in one of these 'shibboleths' you arouse the reader and make him question your motive rather than what you are writing about."

Harvey Ingham has been writing editorials for many years. And he's been working on newspapers longer. He was born in Algona, Iowa, on September 8, 1858. He graduated from the State University of Iowa in 1880 and received a bachelor of laws degree from the same institution one year later. In 1882 he became editor of the *Upper Des Moines*, a weekly newspaper published in Algona. He kept that position until 1902 when he came to the *Des Moines Register*. At the present time, besides being editor of that paper, he is vice-president of the corporation that publishes the *Register*, the *Evening-Tribune-Capital*, and the *Sunday Register* and which has absorbed two other daily newspaper competitors in Des Moines in the past five years.

Northwestern Entertains 1928 Convention November 19-20-21

KARL BICKEL, president of the United Press, will be the headliner at the annual Sigma Delta Chi convention November 19-20-21 at Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois.

Complete arrangements for the convention were recently made at a recent meeting of the executive council. The committee, named by President James A. Stuart, managing editor of the Indianapolis *Star*, to carry out plans includes:

John H. Dreiske, president of the Northwestern chapter; George Courcier, assistant national secretary who is in charge of the international office at Chicago; R. E. Viking and C. E. Kane, Chicago alumni. Particular stress will be placed upon alumni activities at the coming sessions. In fact the Monday afternoon and evening program will be set aside for speeches of interest to those in the field. Several outstanding newspaper men of the Middle West are being invited to lead discussions on timely topics.

The convention banquet dinner has been moved up to Monday night to allow alumni from nearby states to attend both the professional program in the afternoon and the banquet in one day. President Stuart has invited alumni and associate members of the Middle Western states to attend the convention, and has urged each alumni chapter to send a delegate.

A heavier attendance than in former years is expected because of the accessibility of the convention city to Mid-West newspaper men and the added interest stimulated by the fraternity's international office at 836 Exchange Avenue.

President Stuart calls an executive council meeting in Chicago the Sunday before the opening of the convention to clear away details of the business program before the gathering of the college journalists. Butler, DePauw and several chapters have indicated their intention to send the entire chapter to the convention.

Delegates are required to bring certain necessary data, including: chapter treasurer's book, up-to-date; chapter membership book, ditto; chapter efficiency report; professional efficiency report (needed to furnish a basis for awarding the Murphy trophy, which is to be given for the first time this year to the chapter showing the best professional record among its members for the last five years); delegate's part of registration blank authorizing him to seat in convention; list of chapter alumni deceased during last year for annual memorial service; and adviser's name for coming year.

Fraternity houses on the campus will be hosts to the delegates, and luncheons and banquets have been arranged to reduce personal expenses. A blanket fee of five dollars must be paid by each delegate, but this is the only blanket fee collected. The money goes toward defraying the expenses of the convention.

While Monday will be the "big day" of the convention, Tuesday and Wednesday will not be unimportant. There is to be a smoker on Tuesday evening and a dance on Wednesday evening in addition to the regular sessions.

The Monday program will also include a visit to one of Chicago's great newspaper plants.

Editors Will Address Georgia Students

FOURTEEN Georgia newspaper editors, representing the daily and weekly press of the state, will address students in the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism, University of Georgia, during the 1928-1929 session, the new school catalog, just published, announces.

Those listed for addresses are:

Hunter Bell, city editor, the *Atlanta Journal*; Dan G. Bickers, associate editor, the *Savannah Morning News*; W. F. Caldwell, news editor, the Associated Press, Southern Division, Atlanta; Mark F. Ethridge, managing editor, the *Macon Telegraph*; Thomas J. Hamilton, Sr., editor, the *Augusta Chronicle*; John W. Hammond, state-house correspondent, the *Macon Telegraph*, *Augusta Chronicle*, and *Columbus Enquirer-Sun*; B. H. Hardy, Sr., editor, the *Barnesville News-Gazette*; Clark Howell, Jr., business manager, the *Atlanta Constitution*; Louie Morris, editor, the *Hartwell Sun*, vice-president of the Georgia Press Association; James B. Nevin, editor, the *Atlanta Georgian-American*; Hugh J. Rowe, editor, the *Athens Banner-Herald*; Pleasant A. Stovall, editor, the *Savannah Press*; Jack Williams, editor, the *Waycross Journal-Herald*; and J. C. Williams, editor, the *Greensboro Herald-Journal*.

New features for the coming term will include weekly two hour laboratory sessions in reporting and copy-reading courses, classes working for the first time in an editorial laboratory equipped similarly to a modern newspaper office.

A printing laboratory, planned to be opened by September, will permit study of typography.

This spring the school of journalism moved into the Commerce-Journalism building, recently completed at a cost of \$250,000, most of which came from the War Memorial fund of the Georgia alumni society.

THE QUILL

THE QUILL is published by Sigma Delta Chi in the months of February, April, June, August, October, and December. It is devoted exclusively to the interests of journalists engaged in professional work and of young men studying journalism in American and Canadian colleges and universities. It is the official publication of Sigma Delta Chi, international professional journalistic fraternity, founded at DePauw University, April 17, 1909.

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Hard-Boiled Romantics

"A man in an editor's chair stays in the business because he feels the history of the world passing under his fingers every day."

"A newspaper man's code of ethics is so far above legal and medical ethics that there is no comparison."

"I think it's the thrill of the world's events breaking every day at your feet that keeps a man in the newspaper business."

"Newspaper work is never tiresome. We learn something every day. We meet different people, we must approach them differently. There is no other business quite like it."

"I don't have to apologize to anybody for being a newspaper man. I'm in an honest work with honest men. I like newspaper men. On the whole they . . . have higher ideals than any other class of men I know anything about."

Must be cubs talking—cubs or incurable idealists. No man who knows the rough edges of newspaper business, the sordidness and make-believe and hypocrisy of it, would make such statements. Only a newcomer in the game believes such things. . . .

Well, they aren't newcomers. They are veterans—old-time desk men, reporters, executives in the Mecca of American journalism, New York City. They are quoted in *Editor and Publisher*, for September 22, and as the excerpts show they believe in their jobs. They even grow lyrical. They have enthusiasm, sincerity, ideals—qualities attributed ordinarily only to the untrained novice, the man who hasn't yet been "disillusioned."

The discussion was brought on by the appearance

on the New York stage of the two newspaper plays, both hits—"The Front Page" and "Gentlemen of the Press." In both of these plays the reporter is god, and he is portrayed as cynical, unscrupulous, loafing, insincere, unsympathetic with eager cubs, foul of word and mind.

Both of the plays are written by newspaper men. But the plays are almost universally decried by the men quoted by *Editor and Publisher*. The veterans who make the statements above say that the stage type of newspaper man is passe—that he left the city room a quarter of a century ago.

Then they go on to tell of the urge that keeps them in the work. Human contact, ideals, the thrill of high pressure work—these are the main stimuli they list. They also say that newspaper work is, in a sense, narrowing—that the man who trains himself in it finds himself unable, after a period, to do anything else. He knows his own business and his own business methods—stern, short-time concentration—and he doesn't know anything else. But the men who point out this limitation also indicate that they aren't sorry about it. They are in newspaper work because they want to be.

The eight or ten quotations aren't the last word on the subject. But they cast a very interesting light on it. They let you see that the men who are in newspaper work after twenty or twenty-five years are there because they have thought the thing through and have made a careful, logical decision. Most of them have left the "game" at one time or another, only to return. They know their minds.

So file what they say away in your "Is Newspaper Work Worthwhile?" envelope. Their evidence is expert. They speak from experience. They deserve to be heard.

Semper Fidelis

Lately the gods of Mid-Western journalism have been falling under the light of the "higher criticism," to the acute distress of their worshippers.

More than one votary at the Emporia shrine had palpitation of the heart when William Allen White kicked the brown derby and found there was a brick under it. The agitation was greater when the wilfully bucolic editor's name popped out, with whatever comparative innocence, during the taking of testimony in the Federal Trade Commission's investigation of public utility propaganda.

The most violent shock was suffered when Henry Allen deserted the State of Kansas, with which his name and fame have been indelibly associated, and elected to associate himself with William Randolph Hearst's lately acquired Omaha *Bee News*. Shrewd

observers hazarded the opinion that Hearst desired the odor of sanctity that attaches to Gov. Allen, rather than his professional skill; and paid handsomely for it.

But not every report has been so unexpected. Last month marked the seventieth anniversary of Harvey Ingham, who for 46 years has honored the press of Iowa and for 26 years has added distinction to the name of the *Des Moines Register*. In all those years of service, he has furnished youth with a splendid example of scholarship, independence, integrity, tolerance and fairness. The people of his native state, long since aware that neither political preferment nor material prize have lustre to attract his wise old eyes, pay him the highest reward of faithfulness to the ethics of journalism: Their affection, confidence and respect.

That is a part of the reason why an hour spent with Harvey Ingham in contemplation of the problems of the press is worth a semester's credit in any school of journalism.

Country-Bound

New York was once—and to a degree still is—the Mecca of every journalism school graduate who wanted to go out and set fire to the world with the burning words from his typewriter. It still is to this degree—the newspaper man who wants a job on a Manhattan newspaper finds the field crowded and competition keen because a great many young men think that experience on a New York newspaper is better than any other experience they can get.

But whoever will turn to the back pages of *THE QUILL* and read a few of the paragraphs in "With Sigma Delta Chi Afield" will find himself suddenly convinced that something is happening to the young men in journalism—the men just a few months or year out of college. It's unquestionably true. Something is happening. They're going to the country.

Not that there aren't a great many young college graduates on big dailies. There are, and they're all over the country. It's likely that there isn't a city room staff of any size anywhere that doesn't include at least one Sigma Delta Chi. But the new trend is away from the big towns, where new editions pop into the streets every hour or so, to the little towns and villages where the paper comes out once a day, or once every two days, or once a week. And there is also a less noticeable hegira toward the trade papers.

This new movement, it is true, is partly the result of the overcrowding that does exist in the cities. It has come to be an almost impossible task for a new graduate to get himself a job on a metropolitan paper. Fair-to-middling newspaper men with two or three or

five years experience can be picked up anywhere and any time for \$40 a week.

The result is that the new graduate is lucky to get good advice when he asks for a chance. Nine times out of ten he is told to fill out an application, which, he is informed, will be placed on file. Almost without exception these applications stay on file. A man who gets to talk to the city editor learns that he must get experience. "Go out in the state," says the city editor seriously, "and get work on a small paper. Come back in about two years."

This condition doubtless had much, though not all, to do with what has happened in the schools of journalism. Now there are special courses called "The Community Newspaper," sometimes special curricula in country journalism, and even departments and schools dedicated to agricultural and industrial journalism. At the University of Washington a plan has been in operation for several years that has made it possible for a number of graduates to acquire newspaper plants in small towns. The emphasis has shifted away from the one and toward the other.

And it's a good thing, obviously, that the majority of journalism graduates are turning their eyes toward the smaller paper. The less populous communities benefit because they get trained men in important places. The men themselves benefit because there is an opportunity to be taken, an opportunity both for self-advancement and for usefulness, for eventual ownership.

Sport, the Beneficiary

And now the nation's newspapers take upon themselves the task of supplying to a thousand universities and colleges and seminaries and institutes new basketball pavilions, new gridirons, new football pants and new glory.

In the history of journalism there is nothing to equal the free publicity, the unpaid advertising, given the sports of America. It is not only during the football season that the newspapers spread themselves. C. C. Pyle and his marathon runners, Jacob Ruppert and his Yankees, Bob Zuppke and his Illini, Walter Hagen and Johnny Farrell, a thousand others get their free space, from January 1 to December 31.

It is news. Sure enough. But think how well Colonel Ruppert or C. C. Pyle would fare if, like the theaters, they had to pay for huge advertisements instead of getting free space, and if the stories were limited to the amount the ordinary paper devotes to the stage.

Where would that American behemoth Sport be then?

Man-to-Man Education

The department of journalism at Iowa State College, under Professor Blair Converse, has adopted a departure in teaching method so revolutionary that it will deserve watching. The student in that department, this year, will not go to class.

Instead, he'll meet with his instructor in a certain number of conferences each week. He'll receive and fill assignments as fast as he can take them, and he'll be given his credit in any course as soon as he convinces the instructor that he's attained a certain degree of proficiency in that subject. He may finish his course in a few weeks, or in twice that many months, depending upon his ability. And if he goes through the ordinary four-year gamut in three years, he will have earned for himself a year of electives.

We're so committed, in this country, to the classroom method of teaching that it's hard to conceive of any other. Large classes permit one instructor to handle many students. In addressing a class, an instructor is better able to employ forensics than in chatting with one or two persons. He's able to give assignments, correct papers, compare the work of students according to a certain median standard, and in general to effect a mass production of education.

But admittedly, the classroom method is not ideal. The larger the class, the less account is taken of the individual. The best students and the poorest are geared to the speed of the average student. Thus the bright chap is permitted to grow lazy while the denser one finds the pace too swift. The bright one gets a false idea of his own excellence because he's pitted against mediocrity, while the poor one becomes discouraged.

Large classes give the student a well-nigh perfect chance to cultivate the habit of inattention. He can sleep for two months, then bone hard the last month and pass the course.

Classes are inflexible. They tend to diminish personal contact between instructor and student. It's not unusual for an instructor to teach a class for three months, and at the end of it be unable to connect a certain name with a definite face.

Under Professor Converse's method, the students and professor will become well acquainted. At the beginning of any course, the class will be roughly divided into groups according to ability. If there's one student of markedly high

ability, he'll travel alone at his own pace. If there are two or three who are similar in ability, they'll travel together. These groups will meet periodically with their instructor. They'll be pushed along in their work at varying speeds, according to their intellectual stamina.

The good student will not so readily get a false notion of his superiority because he'll be competing with men as good as he. The slower student will be able to stick at a subject until he gets it through his head.

We see no reason why the system shouldn't succeed. It imposes more work upon the instructor. It creates a more complicated schedule of appointments. The machinery needs careful working out. But it certainly will tend to debunk education, by displacing classroom oratory with man-to-man trading of ideas.

Adventures in Fraternity Jewelry

Sigma Delta Chi fraternity pins are always getting lost—and turning up again. L. R. Ender (Iowa State '15), who edits *The Official Record*, U. S. Department of Agriculture weekly, lost his and learned that he never can get it back; while Roy L. French, past president and chairman of the executive council of Sigma Delta Chi, had his wayward badge returned to him.

In a letter to the Iowa State chapter, Ender bemoans his new number, 3337. He says, "I had an early, low, three-figure number. I lost my key and wanted another. They had no record of my number and said Ring Lardner had the number I claimed was mine. So I got this new one which makes it appear that I belong to the psychozoic era when as a matter of fact I was taken in during the paleozoic."

Says French, "In the early months of 1915 I was wandering through Kansas and stopped for a few days at a place called Wamego. Someone frisked through my room one day and relieved me of some books, an overcoat, and a suit of clothes. On the vest of the suit I carried my S. D. X. pin. Recently came a letter from R. L. Foster, one of our K. S. A. C. brothers. His letter contained the old pin. A friend of his had found it in Wamego, and noting the initials, sent it to him. Foster noted the national number 380... and he checked up with the national secretary for the owner."



Here's a Test of the Fraternity's Professional Strides

For the first time in its history Sigma Delta Chi is to know definitely which of its chapters most nearly deserves to be called a chapter of a professional journalism fraternity.

The Murphy Trophy, which is to be furnished each year by Lawrence W. Murphy, second vice-president of the fraternity last year, is to be the means. It is to be given annually to the chapter showing the best professional record among its members for the five years immediately preceding the preparation of the report. The chapter that can show the greatest percentage of its graduates in journalistic work will receive the trophy.

Reports on all graduates for the five year period are required from each chapter for the competition. They must be ready in time for the Evanston convention in order to be considered.

It is the hope of Murphy that the contest will encourage Sigma Delta Chi to select new members with greater care, so that a greater percentage of the members of the fraternity actually will enter the profession.

A Journalist-Financier Passes

Under the name of BARRON, Clarence Walker, in the most recent "Who's Who" appears an imposing list of accomplishments. "Founder, 1887, and now pres. Boston News Bureau; founder Phila. News Bureau, 1897; editor Barron's Financial Weekly; mgr. Dow, Jones & Co., New York, pubs. The Wall Street Journal, 1901, now pres.;" and so on. Newspaper man, advertising man, author, importer and breeder of Guernsey cattle, public figure, financial authority—Clarence Barron, before his death a few weeks ago, was one of the most important journalistic-financial influences in the United States. He is known chiefly for his *Wall Street Journal* and for the financial ticker service operated by Dow, Jones & Company; but he is also known for public service and for his interest in journalism in general. He was the chief speaker at the Sigma Delta Chi convention at Ames in 1921; his spirited debates there with Harvey

Ingham and Lee A. White were the highlights of the sessions. His chief of staff on the *Wall Street Journal*, Kenneth C. Hogate, is a past president of Sigma Delta Chi.

This Publicity Bureau Fights in the Open

Open and aboveboard opposition to legislation harmful to the interests of fertilizer manufacturers is the distinctly unusual program of the National Fertilizer Association and the *Fertilizer Review*, according to H. C. Butcher (Iowa State '24), editor of *The Review*. Butcher writes:

"It may be of interest to you to know that this association has adopted the rather unique policy of making public its plans and activities in connection with its opposition to a pending bill in the House which, if enacted, would be seriously detrimental to the industry, crippling its service to agriculture. I am issuing almost daily press statements telling what we are doing in a straight news way and listing the names and connections of the fertilizer manufacturers who have been in Washington interviewing members of Congress on this

subject. No employee of the association has been up on the hill during the fight. Therefore, we have kept free of the charge of 'lobbying.' The manufacturers have simply been endeavoring to protect their own interests, which, after all, is only an American right."

Thayer Buys Creston Papers

Merger and purchase of the Creston (Iowa) *News* and the Creston *Advertiser* by Frank Thayer, of Chicago, and Joel R. Hill, of Kansas City, was announced recently. The new paper is known as the *News Advertiser*.

Mr. Thayer, who was a graduate of the University of Wisconsin in the class of '16, is advertising manager and educational director of S. W. Straus & Company, Chicago. He formerly was on the editorial staff of the Detroit *News* and the Springfield, Mass., *Republican*. He has lectured on journalism at the Universities of Iowa, California, Wisconsin and Northwestern, and is author of the textbook, "Newspaper Management."

Clarence Darrow

Has promised to talk to
THE QUILL on "Trial by
Newspapers." The article
was announced for this
issue. Sorry—but it's

Coming Soon

Why I Stayed in Newspaper Work

(Continued from page 5)

to get back in harness by editing a monthly military publication because it "got on his nerves" to follow the routine of a business life.

Journalism needs no defense of its treatment of employees. What I have written should not be interpreted so. A star reporter is nothing more or less than an efficient employee.

He who sells his service to an employer must acquiesce to that employer's will as the stately grand vizier in an eastern sultanate did.

When the sultan spoke a command, the lordly grand vizier bowed and murmured:

"I hear and obey."

Confessions of a Reporter

(Continued from page 8)

not feel it was public business anyway. That seemed right to me, so I reported back to the office.

The city editor didn't say much. But the next day we had a screeching yarn about the case. I found out that the city editor had thought up another man who didn't have the foolish feeling about it that I had.

The experience of a friend of mine, once a reporter on a West Coast paper, convinces me that I'm not alone in my difficulty to satisfy the city editor. This man was asked by his city editor to get an interview with Parley P. Christensen—it was in 1920, when Christensen was the Farmer-Labor candidate for the Presidency, and was making a campaign visit to the city.

"You know the kind of story we want," the city editor told his reporter. "We aren't what you'd call strong for the Farmer-Labor party—keep that in mind when you write the piece."

This reporter knew all about that. The Farmer-Labor candidate for the governorship in his state had leased some farm property to Oriental families, and—since Orientals were not popular in the state—the paper had pointed this out with gusto. The paper strongly favored the election of Mr. Harding.

My friend met Christensen at the railroad station, and found himself to be the entire reception committee. He rode up to a hotel with the candidate in a cab, and spent an hour with him in his hotel room. Christensen was a quiet, well-spoken man, he discovered, with ideas and policies which he backed up confidently and in dignified manner.

My friend went back to the city room and wrote a long story—a story which, he believed, expressed fairly Christensen's ideas and aims. He was impressed by the fact that there seemed so little interest in the visit of a Presidential candidate—certainly there was little ground for political fear of the man's party.

The city editor looked the story through, and frowned.

"That's a good enough story," he commented, "but it isn't just what we want."

He called an older, more tried reporter and sent him over to obtain further material from Christensen. In half an hour the second reporter returned, wrote three paragraphs and turned them in. When the paper came out, it bore a banner head:

"SHARP SPLIT IN FARMER-LABOR RANKS"

The three paragraphs told of the split. It seemed that Christensen, questioned as to his stand on immigration, said that he believed an act to protect native or resident labor was proper. That was all. But the reporter was resourceful. Here was the candidate for the Presidency favoring an act to protect home labor. Here, also, was a candidate for governor leasing property to Orientals! The reporter remembered that. And he knew what the city editor wanted. And so he wrote that these two men—candidates for governor and the Presidency—had developed a "sharp split."

My friend's story, in toto, followed on the three paragraphs. But he hadn't hit the ball. He simply didn't do the job the city editor wanted of him. He wasn't resourceful like the other reporter. In fact, all he did was to report, as fairly as he knew how, the political views of a candidate. And, sometimes, that's not nearly enough.

Once I wasn't nearly resourceful enough. The desk wanted a picture of a young girl who had been arrested and fined for shop-lifting—a girl who had never been in trouble before and who probably never would be again. She was from a good home, and had apparently taken the merchandise merely on one of those unexplainable impulses. Nothing criminal in any way about it. Probably a lark as much as anything.

Well, she was a fine-looking dark-eyed girl, and I knew she'd make gorgeous art. But she wasn't willing to pose, and she wouldn't give me a picture. My blarney wasn't good enough, so I had to go back empty-handed.

"Pretty as a Ziegfeld girl," I reported, "but——"

The city editor heard no more. That's the way city editors are—alert, fast-moving, business-like. Unimportant details have no meaning for them.

"Miss ——," he called, "here's a job."

I heard later what happened. The woman reporter, Miss ——, took our trickiest photographer; the photographer took a little camera ripped up in a Boston bag so that it looked more like his lunch than anything else. They went to the girl's home, and the reporter represented herself as a book agent; the photographer was her "assistant." While the re-

porter talked she got the girl to come out on the porch where the light was good. When the girl was rightly placed, the photographer pulled the concealed string, the exposure was made and the girl was none the wiser.

It was a knockout of a picture. Fast stuff, wasn't it? I should never have thought of it.

Some of the other reporters thought up things, too. Once one of the boys went off on a two-weeks drunk, and he needed an explanation when he came back. So he told a tale of having been on the trail of one of the city's best-loved gunmen, then in hiding, and of having missed a capture after untold perils. It made fine reading, and I don't suppose one in ten thousand of our subscribers knew that it wasn't true.

I could give you a lot of other instances along the same lines. But what's the use? I'm just making the point that it often takes a certain kind of thinking to develop the city desk man or the real news-hound. Everybody hasn't got that type of head, and I guess I'm one.

So I'm glad that I'm out of it. And so is the city editor.

A Few Questions Anent Privacy

(Continued from page 11)

"The failure of the newspaper photographers to realize that fact, as well as the fact that in the matter he has gone to Rome to arrange he had the feelings of his fiancée to consider, was probably responsible for the unwanted attentions they paid to him. At the request of Ambassador Fletcher, Tunney posed for the photographers a few days before his wedding, with the distinct understanding that thereafter they would leave him alone. As soon, however, as they had 'shot' him they informed him that the armistice applied only to Rome; that if he ventured outside the eternal city he 'would be followed around by a score or more of bright Italian youths eager to take his picture on every possible occasion.'

"American news photographers are as bright as any in the trade; but they would not have attempted a ruse of that sort, nor would they have pulled the baby act and booed and hissed their intended victim when the ruse failed."

This straightforward and vigorous statement of the rights of a prominent individual to privacy is worth a bit of sincere applause. But it leads us to think that there's a slight chism between the news room and editorial rooms of that paper. It was that paper's news columns, we think, that carried the story referring to Gene Tunney as "ace of social climbers"—and that after Tunney had officially retired!

Undergraduate Chapters—Hold That Professional Meeting

Here are the men enrolled in Sigma Delta Chi's Speakers' Bureau—men active in journalism—who are willing to accept your invitation. Write some of them, today. The head of the bureau is Walter Humphrey, Fort Worth Press.

U. L. McCall, superintendent, southern division of the Associated Press, Atlanta, Georgia.

Donald H. Clark, publisher, *Mid-Continent Banker*, St. Louis. Bristow Adams, director of publications, Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.

Paul Block, publisher and owner, *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, Toledo, *Blade*, Newark *Star-Eagle*, Lancaster *New Era*, and Duluth *Herald*, 257 Park Ave., New York City.

Henry J. Allen, editor, *Omaha Bee-News*.

Edgar T. Cutter, superintendent, central division, Associated Press, Chicago.

Charles Dillon, managing editor, *Transportation*, Los Angeles.

George B. Parker, editor-in-chief, *Scripps-Howard Newspapers*, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

James Wright Brown, publisher and owner, *Editor and Publisher*, New York City.

Henry Z. Mitchell, editor, *Daily Pioneer and Weekly Sentinel*, Bemidji, Minn.

Peter Hamilton, business manager, the *News*, Oklahoma City.

W. Y. Morgan, editor and publisher, *Hutchinson (Kans.) News-Herald*.

Roy L. French, director of journalism, University of Southern California, Los Angeles, Cal.

Fred P. Mann, Sr., store owner and house organ publisher, *Devil's Lake*, N. D.

James A. Stuart, managing editor, *Indianapolis Star*.

George F. Pierrot, managing editor, *American Boy*, Detroit, Mich.

Franklin M. Reek, assistant managing editor, *American Boy*, Detroit.

Ralph Turner, assistant news manager, *United Press*, New York City.

Hugh Bailie, vice-president and general business manager, *United Press*, New York City.

Robert J. Bender, vice-president in charge of news, *United Press*, New York City.

Karl Bickel, president, *United Press*, New York City.

E. E. Cook, editor, *Columbus Citizen*.

Clair Converse, head of technical journalism department, Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa.

Marvin H. Creager, managing editor, *Milwaukee Journal*, Clifford DePuy, publisher, *Northwestern Banker*, Des Moines, Iowa.

(Continued on page 23)

How Did You Get That Job?

A subscriber, after reading in the August QUILL that the graduate should see the country before settling down, should work in San Diego and Minneapolis and Albany before starting to specialize, raises a cry that must be echoing in the hearts of hundreds of neophytes. He says:

"Excellent advice. How many of us would like to do that!

"Now let THE QUILL tell us how it may be done, when editors send neophytes scurrying away with the cry that they want experienced men, when the price of food doesn't permit job hunting at leisure, and when editors ignore letters of application.

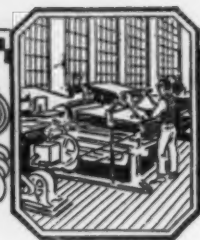
"I'd like to see an instructive article in THE QUILL on 'The Gentle Art of Getting Hired.'"

Well—THE QUILL will do its best to help. Next month we'll print some ideas on job getting. And we hereby call upon our readers to help us. How did *you* get that job? Did you keep coming back? Did you introduce a new wrinkle into your approach? How did you overcome your lack of experience?

Write and Tell Us—by November 1



WITH SIGMA DELTA CHI AFIELD



ALBERT PFALTZ (Columbia '24) has been made publicity director of the National Electrical Manufacturers Association. Until recently he was production manager for two electrical business papers, the *Electrical Record* and *Electrical Manufacturing*.

GEORGE A. DUNDON (Marquette '21) is Director of Health Education of the Milwaukee Health Department. He is one of two Sigma Delta Chis known to be in welfare publicity work. Editing the monthly bulletin and pamphlets on general health subjects, health copy for newspapers, and general publicity are all part of his job.

MARTIN CODEL (Michigan '25) has resigned from the *United States Daily* and the Consolidated Press Association and is now with the North American Newspaper Alliance. He is stationed at Washington, D. C., writing the daily radio dispatch and covering special assignments.

DARWIN L. TEILHET (Drake) is now with the copy department of N. W. Ayer & Son, Philadelphia. Teilhet has to his credit two years at Drake; one year at the University of Paris; three months of language study at Bellagio, Italy; a bachelor's degree and a semester of postgraduate work at Stanford; six months in the Orient; experience in a small advertising agency on the West Coast; and a year at Heidelberg where he studied German and continental advertising practice. On October 8, 1927 he married Miss Hildegard Tolman, daughter of Prof. C. F. Tolman, of the Stanford geology department, and Mrs. Tolman.

WILLIAM BEATTY, LATHROP MACK, and WILLIAM BERCHTOLD (Illinois) are with the Associated Press.

CHARLES EVANS and PAUL SAMUELSON (North Dakota) are with the Ad Campaign Company, Chicago.

JOE CAMPBELL (Illinois) is doing advertising with the Williams & Cunningham agency, Chicago.

WILBUR DOEBLIN and CLYDE JOHNSON (Illinois '28) joined the Associated Press staff in June. Doeblin

is in the Milwaukee office and Johnson in Chicago.

CHARLES HAMER (Illinois) former city editor of the *Champaign News-Gazette*, is now night city editor of the Chicago office of the Associated Press.

PHIL GUSTAFSON (Illinois '28) is on the staff of the *Joliet Herald-News*.

ROY DOOLEY (Illinois '28) is agricultural editor of the *Marshall (Ill.) Herald*.

MANNING D. SEIL (Illinois '28) is doing executive work with the Ludlow Company, Chicago.

ROBERT NOWLAN (Illinois '28) is editing the *Stark County News*, Toulon, Ill.

RICHARD LAUSON (Wisconsin '27) will assume full ownership and control of the *Tri-County Record*, Kiel, Wis., on November 1.

LLOYD GLADFELTER (Wisconsin '26) was married September 20 to Miss Alice Drews (Wisconsin '26), Chicago. Gladfelter is Madison correspondent for the *Milwaukee Journal*.

ROBERT RIGGS (Missouri) has resigned from the Associated Press, Madison office, to become Waukesha correspondent of the *Milwaukee Journal*.

WILLIAM SMITH (Grinnell '21) is Wisconsin manager of the United Press. He is stationed at Madison. George Gerling (Wisconsin '27) is his assistant.

STANLEY KALISH (Wisconsin '27) will succeed Robert Riggs (Missouri) in the Associated Press office at Madison. Since graduation Kalish has worked on the *Indianapolis News* and the *Indianapolis Star*.

ROBERT ALLING (Montana '27) now owns and publishes the *Fairview (Mont.) News*. For a time he was associated with Lyle K. Williams (Montana '27) as owner and publisher of the *Three Forks Herald*. They both report that business is good and are "sold" on the small-town weekly idea for graduates.

RALPH AMMON (Illinois '22) is farm editor of the *Wisconsin State Journal*, Madison.

FRANK HOLT (Wisconsin '25) is instructor of agricultural journalism at the University of Wisconsin, a position he has held for two years.

RALPH O. NAFZIGER (Wisconsin '20) is now editor of the University Press Bulletin of the University of Wisconsin. He resigned from the *Omaha World-Herald* to accept the position.

WILLIAM OGILVIE (Wisconsin '26) formerly of the Department of Agricultural Journalism of the University of Wisconsin, is now information director for the Union Stock Yards, Chicago.

E. H. ROHRBECK (Wisconsin '24) is agricultural editor at Pennsylvania State College. He recently qualified for an M.S. degree in agricultural journalism at Wisconsin.

ELLSWORTH BUNCE (Wisconsin '24) recently accepted a position as director of information for the American Guernsey Cattle Club at Peterboro, N. H.

MAURICE O. RYAN (North Dakota '25) has left his position as managing editor of the *Devils Lake (N. D.) World* to become assistant to James A. Milloy, executive secretary of the Greater North Dakota Association. His new address is Fargo, N. D.

THE QUILL apologizes for attributing three members of the Kansas State Chapter to the University of Kansas. They are: Nelson Antrim Crawford, director of information for the U. S. D. A.; Milton S. Eisenhower, secretary to the Secretary of Agriculture; and Sam Pickard, member of the Federal Radio Commission.

AL WILLIOUGHBY (Wisconsin '27) is in charge of the direct mail advertising department of the Democrat Printing Company, Madison, as well as Sunday editor of the *Wisconsin State Journal*.

WILFRED FEHLHABER (Montana '27), president of the Montana chapter in his senior year, is employed as night

state editor for the Associated Press at its Helena bureau.

FRED J. MARTIN (Montana '25) has been with the Butte (Mont.) *Daily Post* since his graduation and is now the paper's state editor.

EDGAR H. REEDER (Montana '27) is close to old surroundings as a reporter on the Missoula (Mont.) *Daily Northwest*.

PAUL DEVORE (Montana '26) is struggling through another hot political campaign as state capitol reporter for the Helena (Mont.) *Independent*.

HAROLD SEIPP (Montana '25) has been with the Billings (Mont.) *Gazette* since graduation.

ALBERT FERGUS (Montana '27) is with the Hill County *Democrat*. He also corresponds for the Great Falls (Mont.) *Tribune*.

RALPH NEILL (Montana '25) is on the editorial staff of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*.

BILL COGSWELL (Montana '24) had led the way to the Honolulu *Star Bulletin* for the two other Montanans—his brother, Andy Cogswell, '24, and Jesse Lewellen, '26.

MAYNARD BROWN (Wisconsin '23) recently of Kansas State Agricultural College, is now head of the Department of Industrial Journalism at Oregon State College. He has just returned from a honeymoon trip of several months in Europe.

A. LOWELL McMILLAN (Oregon State '26) is teaching journalism at Marysville (Cal.) High School for the second year. He supervises the publication of the high school weekly, which this coming year will be alternated with a junior college sheet.

C. J. MCINTOSH (Oregon State associate) was on the program of the National Agricultural College Editors convention held at Baton Rouge, La., in late August. Prof. McIntosh described the farm, home and community news writing course that he has worked out in connection with the extension service for community correspondents at Oregon State.

LORING G. HUDSON (Oregon State '27) will edit the State College alumni publication for the coming year. He will also handle the college sports correspondence for the Portland *Oregonian* and the *Christian Science Monitor*.

FORREST PICKETT (Oregon State '29) has been editing a four-column, four-page paper—the Central Point (Ore.) *Star*—with splendid success during the summer months. He plans to discontinue the *Star* to return to school this fall. He corresponds for the Portland (Ore.) *Telegram*. Twenty minutes after the Tunney-Heeney fight Pickett had a sports extra, with a round-by-round account of the fight, on the streets.

JOHN C. BURTNER (Oregon State '23) handled the distribution of news and wrote special articles on the tour of Oregon cooperative centers made by members of the American Institute for Cooperation.

BURTON HUTTON (Oregon State '27) has been appointed eastern Oregon field representative of the Chamber of Commerce of Oregon. He will assist with the publication of the state organ *Business*.

CARL SANDQUIST (Washington '28) has been named head of a new publicity bureau at the University of Washington. In his senior year, Sandquist was editor of the *University of Washington Daily*.

C. DOUGLASS WELCH (Washington '28), former president of the Washington chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, has joined the staff of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*.

VERNON MCKENZIE (Toronto Associate), dean of the School of Journalism, University of Washington, spent part of his summer in England arranging further collaborations with Fish, the famous English caricaturist.

H. L. MCCLINTON (Washington) has left the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* to become editor of the *Pennac News*, the monthly publication of the Penn Athletic Club, Philadelphia.

RAYMOND D. LAWRENCE (Oregon) has returned from Paris, where he was a correspondent for the New York *Herald-Tribune*. He is on the general assignment staff of the Portland *Oregonian*.

CHARLES PERRINE (Washington) is working out of the Seattle office of McManus, Inc., advertising agents. He is a regular caller upon automobile editors, including Edward M. Miller (Oregon) of the Portland *Oregonian*.

FREDERICK W. SPEERS (Stanford '28) has accepted a position with the Denver *Post* as reporter. Speers was chapter president last year.

TED McDOWELL (Kentucky '27) is now with the Louisville *Courier-Journal*.

JOHN H. DRIESKE (Northwestern '29) president of his chapter and general promoter of the 1928-29 convention to be held in Evanston, Ill., in November, spent his vacation working on the summer issues of the *Daily Northwestern*.

CHARLES G. STEWART (Ohio State '23) has joined the editorial staff of the *Daily Metal Trade*, Cleveland, Ohio. He was formerly on the advertising staff of the Norwalk (O.) *Reflector-Herald*.

R. E. WOLSELEY (Northwestern '28) is assistant editor of the Pennsylvania *News*, the official publication of the Pennsylvania Railroad for the region west of Pittsburgh. His office is in Chicago.

C. GIBSON SCHEAFFER (Wisconsin '28) is a member of the advertising staff of the Germantown (N. Y.) *Post*.

CECIL J. PROUD (Northwestern '28) is the new member of the editorial staff of the Sturgis (Mich.) *Journal*.

BURL A. ELY (DePauw '27) has just been transferred from the New York to the Pittsburgh office of the International News Service.

T. A. EDIGER (Kansas '28) has become managing editor of *The Sun*, a large weekly newspaper located at Floral Park, Long Island, N. Y.

BEN E. WILLIAMS (Ohio State '26) and DWIGHT BANNISTER (Northwestern '28) have just joined the editorial staff of The Springfield (O.) *News and Sun*.

PHILIP BURGER (Minnesota '28) is on the financial staff of the Buffalo *Evening News*.

R. W. NEILL (Montana '25) is on the copy desk of the Seattle *Post Intelligencer*.

EUGENE P. THACKREY (DePauw) is covering Hoover for the New York *World*.

DON WOODWARD (Indiana '28), who joined the *Wall Street Journal* staff in June, has been assigned to the Washington Bureau.

WILLIAM P. LINDLEY (Illinois '24) is a night copy reader of the Denver *News*.

WILFORD SMITH (DePauw '21) is on the Chicago *Tribune* sports copy desk.

TOM MAHONEY (Missouri '27) is city editor of the El Paso (Tex.) *Post*, a Scripps-Howard newspaper.

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ROBERT McMAHON, former assistant news director at Purdue University, is doing advertising for the Olde Ben Coal Company at Chicago. He lives at 240 Delaware street.

* * *

CHARLES ROBBINS (DePauw '28) is on the Indianapolis *Star* editorial staff.

* * *

CLAUDE MAHONEY, columnist on the DePauw University student newspaper last year, has joined the Indianapolis *Star* editorial staff.

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SMITH CADY (Michigan '28) is on the Chicago *Tribune* copy desk.

* * *

JOHN E. STEMPEL (Indiana) and Miss Mary R. Farmer, Bloomington, Ind., an Indiana graduate, were married August 31. They are at home at 61 Carmine street, New York. Stempel is editor of the Columbia University *Alumni News*.

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GEORGE KIDD (Indiana '27) is on the Louisville *Times*.

* * *

DON YOUNG (Indiana '28) is working in Louisville for the Associated Press.

* * *

NORMAN J. RADDER, national executive council member, former Indiana University faculty member, has joined the publicity department of the National Plumbers Association in Chicago.

* * *

DALE COX (Indiana) is working on the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*.

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PHILIP MAXWELL (DePauw '24) formerly of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, is editing a paper at Spencer, Ind.

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PAUL EDWARDS (Grinnell '28) has joined the staff of the *Mid-Continent Banker*, St. Louis, as assistant editor. He will also be affiliated with the associated publication, *Life Insurance Selling*.

* * *

GEORGE L. GEIGER (Wisconsin '23) has resigned his position as assistant Sunday editor of the Kansas City *Journal-Post* to become publicity manager for the Kohler Company, Kohler, Wis. During the campaign preceding the Wisconsin primary election he served as personal publicity manager for and secretary to Walter J. Kohler, president of the Kohler Company and winner of the Republican nomination for governor, and completed in five weeks a thorough

tour of the state by airplane, motor car, and train. They made more than 100 flights and covered more than 7,000 miles during the campaign in Mr. Kohler's Ryan brougham monoplane *Kohler Village*.

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WILLIAM BERCHTOLD (Illinois '27) is sporting editor for the Associated Press in the Columbus, Ohio, office.

* * *

MICHAEL FADELL (Minnesota '28) is publicity manager for KSTP, broadcasting station, with offices in the Hotel St. Paul, St. Paul, Minn.

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CHESTER DAY SALTER (Minnesota '26) is selling bonds; he is also interested in an airplane manufacturing concern in Davenport, Ia.

* * *

FRED HABERLIN (Minnesota '27) is on the copy desk of the St. Paul *Dispatch*.

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CLARENCE TORMOEN (Minnesota '26) is practicing law in Duluth, Minn.

* * *

WALTER RICE (Minnesota '26) who has completed a law course at Harvard, is now in the government service in Washington, D. C.

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DONALD NESBITT (Cornell '28) has entered Harvard, where he will take a course in business administration.

* * *

SMITH F. REAVIS (Washington associate) sailed last month for France to resume his duties at the Paris office of the Associated Press. Reavis has been stationed at Paris for the last several years, and had been temporarily assigned to the New York office to renew home contacts.

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ROBERT F. BULLARD (DePauw '28) has been awarded a scholarship at the Medill School of Journalism.

* * *

J. STUART HAMILTON (Wisconsin '22) spent the summer on the telegraph desk of the New York *Times* and is now assistant professor of Journalism at the University of Kansas, Lawrence.

* * *

DOOK STANLEY (Washington ex-'28) has resigned his position on the staff of *The American Boy* magazine to become a reporter for the Detroit *News*.

* * *

WILLIAM D. MURRAY (DePauw '21) is managing editor of the Daytona Beach (Fla.) *News-Journal*.

* * *

HUGHSTON M. MCBAIN (Michigan ex-'24) is secretary to the president of Marshall Field, Chicago, Ill.

* * *

HARDY HOOVER (Michigan ex-'23) is now an instructor at Harvard University.

WALTER P. MCGUIRE (Minnesota associate) has sold his interest in the Lapeer County (Mich.) *Press* and has bought a weekly in Petersburg, Va.

* * *

BERT STOLL (Michigan '29) is on the regular staff of the Detroit *News* as assistant to Allen Shoenfield (Michigan '17), who is Ann Arbor Correspondent for the *News*.

* * *

ROY ROSENTHAL (Washington '19) is the executive head of the University District Chamber of Commerce, Seattle, and co-proprietor of the district newspaper.

* * *

MITCHELL V. CHARNLEY (Washington '21) is the author of "The Boy's Life of the Wright Brothers," just out, published by Harper's. The biography was serialized in *The American Boy* magazine before it was published by Harper's. The book has Orville Wright's official okay.

* * *

CARROLL P. STREETER (Iowa State '22) is traveling over the country for *The Farmer's Wife*, national farm women's publication, gathering feature stories on rural health and rural education. The magazine, he says, is doing a tremendously valuable work in encouraging the establishment of county hospitals and in the improvement of schools. F. W. Beckman, former national honorary president of Sigma Delta Chi, is managing editor of *The Farmer's Wife*.

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ROBERT C. WOODWORTH (Purdue) is director of athletic publicity at Purdue University.

* * *

ROLAND FERGUSON (Iowa State '25) has accepted a position on the advertising staff of *Successful Farming*, in Des Moines. Peter Ainsworth (Iowa State '25) is with this publication.

* * *

GAIL CHURCHILL (Iowa State '26) is on the city staff of the Des Moines *Register*.

* * *

JEWELL JOHNSON (Iowa State '24) is breaking into vaudeville and at present is playing a circuit on the Pacific Coast. He's doing an accordion and singing act with a feminine partner.

* * *

ALLEN WHITFIELD (Iowa State '24) after graduating from the Harvard Law School and practicing for a time in Bradenton, Florida, has formed a partnership with J. H. Allen, an uncle, in Des Moines. "I don't seem to be able to get rid of the journalistic virus," he writes. "Last winter I wrote a weekly column for the newspaper in Pocahontas (Iowa)."

Undergraduate Chapters—Hold Their Professional Meeting

(Continued from page 17)

Lee A. White, editorial executive, *Detroit News*.

Paul Cowles, superintendent, western division, *Associated Press*, San Francisco.

Wilfred B. Shaw, general secretary and editor, *Michigan Alumni Association*, Ann Arbor.

Edward T. Leneb, editor, *Rocky Mountain News*, *Denver Evening News*.

William A. Smeads, news and publicity director, *Ford Motor Co.*, Dearborn, Mich.

Hilton U. Brown, chairman, board of directors, *News*, Indianapolis, Ind.

I. H. Carson, special advertising representative, *N. W. Ayer & Son*, Philadelphia.

L. N. Philat, chairman, department of journalism, *University of Kansas*, Lawrence.

J. W. Piercy, director, department of journalism, *University of Indiana*, Bloomington.

Lawrence W. Murphy, acting director, school of journalism, *University of Illinois*, Urbana.

William S. Mauley, head, department of journalism, *University of Pittsburgh*.

Franklin E. Pump, Jr., head, department of journalism, *University of North Dakota*, Grand Forks.

Vernon McKenzie, dean, school of journalism, *University of Washington*, Seattle.

Stanley Whitaker, manager, *Oklahoma-Texas-Louisiana division*, *United Press*, Dallas.

Charlton Glaird, head, department of journalism, *Drake University*, Des Moines, Iowa.

Thomas F. Butler, travelling secretary, *Lambda Chi Alpha* fraternity, *Peoples Bank Bldg.*, Indianapolis, Ind.

T. Hawley Tapping, former president, *Sigma Delta Chi*, hall secretary for the *University of Michigan Alumni Association*, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Edwin Moss Williams, *United Press* bureau manager, *Kansas City*.

E. D. Gilmore, bureau manager, *United Press*, Atlanta, Ga.

Gilbert M. Clayton, bureau manager, *United Press*, Chicago, Ill.

Frank H. Bartholomew, bureau manager, *United Press*, San Francisco, Calif.

Charles B. McCabe, district manager, *United Press*, Cleveland, Ohio.

G. E. Rogers, director, department of journalism, *Kansas State Agricultural College*, Manhattan.

Paul J. Thompson, director, school of journalism, *University of Texas*, Austin.

J. Willard Redgate, head, department of journalism, *Texas Christian University*, Fort Worth.

John H. Sorrels, editor, *Press*, Fort Worth, Texas.

Carl Magee, editor, *News*, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Ward A. Neff, publisher, *Corn Belt Farm Dealer*, Chicago, Ill.

Robert Y. Kerr, field editor, *Associated Press*, Chicago, Ill.

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Maurice Ryan, editor, *Devil's Lake (N.D.) World*.

Edwin V. O'Neal, *Indianapolis Times*.

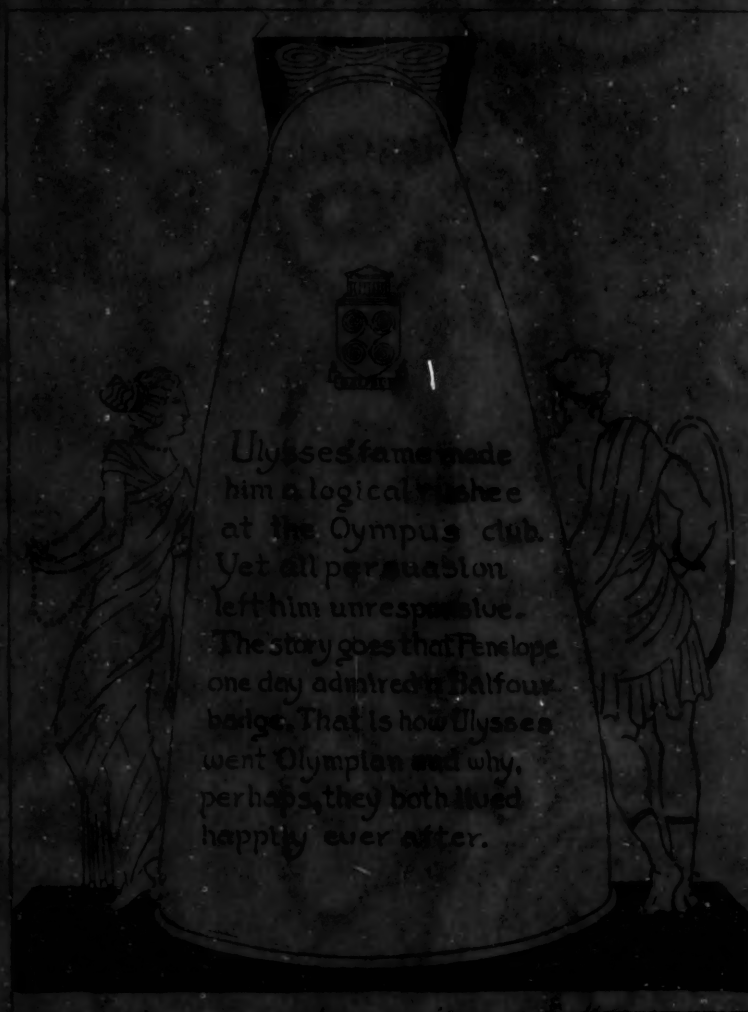
Willis J. Abbott, editor, *Christian Science Monitor*, Boston, Mass.

A. Gayle Waldron, acting head, department of journalism, *University of Colorado*, Boulder.

G. D. Mathews, editor, *Trans-Mississippi*, *Banker*, Kansas City, Mo.

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